

Oldie But a Goodie by adkinsmayo

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Summary:

Based on film 'Sleeping With Other People'

You and Hopper had attended the same high school yet somehow went the entire four years without meeting. At least until the night of the iconic graduation party that was being thrown for your class. Hopper swoops in and saves you from complete humiliation and the two of you spend the night talking and wondering how it was the two of you had never met before. Nearly a decade passes and the two of you were just now running into each other again despite your paths not being too far apart. It seems not much has changed and it seems the two of you share the same issues with commitment. So after rekindling the friendship, you two decide to help each other become less of a good fuck and more of a better lover. But how long until that record plays over again? What happens when it's time to flip the record over? Or will someone come to take the record off the player and put something on entirely different? You and Hopper play like a classic, but who's to say that's always what's going to be in?

1. Graduation Knight

Does anyone ever actually enjoy their graduation ceremony?

Sure, graduating in general is great, finally leaving high school in relatively one piece is great but the ceremony? A few hours of listening to blah-blah-blah bullshit about how your class was a pleasure to have and how much you'll be missed when really your class, the teachers, the staff, and even the parents all know how big of pests you all were throughout your high school careers, especially during your senior year. The only part of the night that was worth being awake for is the famous after party. The three season's full of soap opera drama packed into that party was reason enough to go because you'll at least be getting a laugh watching it all go down rather than have your head bobbing as you tried to stay awake through the hundreds of slides of nearly identical baby photos. But after the third or fourth catfight, Hopper was ready to call it a night. The beer was just far too shitty and the company was far too poor for his liking but unfortunately he hadn't driven himself here and had made plans to stay the whole night. He was considering snatching the keys off of his friend who had driven him and passing out in his car for he sure as hell isn't going to be getting any sleep inside the house anytime soon, the party was only just now getting into full swing. So he simply leans back on the couch and lets his head fall over the back of it and closing his eyes, just listening in to his surroundings until he picks up on something interesting to look at.

"Danny, you mother-FUCKER."

And as luck would have it, you gave him just that. He lifts his head and turns to look behind him as you start to bang on the door of the half-bath across from the staircase.

"Are you kidding me, Danny? You're not SERIOUSLY in there with someone else right now? Open this fucking door!"

Hopper and a handful of other people who you had drawn in their attention started to laugh.

"You were supposed to fuck me, Danny! What, you don't want to fuck

me anymore is that it?"

And with that a little bit more than a handful of people were starting to laugh and not at whoever this idiot 'Danny' was. They were laughing at how pathetic you seemed right at this moment. And nothing pissed Hopper off more than people judging before they knew the whole story.

"You goddamn COWARD. Get out of there right fucking now and come fuck-"

"Okay, okay, I think that bathroom door has learned it's lesson, don't you, sweetheart?"

Hopper had made his way off the couch and over to you and had his hand wrapped around your wrist. With tears prickling at your eyes and a familiar burn in your stomach, you knew it was time to face defeat and let him lead you wherever he was trying to get you to. You were too drunk and too heartbroken to put up a fight anymore. He let go of your wrist and moved his hand to just barely touch the small of your back as he lead you up the stairs and into one of the bedrooms. You plopped down on the bed and he plopped down on the desk chair in front of you. You just now realizing that you have no clue who this guy is or what to even say to him so you just let your eyes trail over the room.

"You didn't bring me up here to take advantage of me, did you?"

You asked him, half-joking. He let out a quiet laugh before shuffling through the stuff on the desk in front of him.

"Of course not, I saw the beating you gave that door- I'd be one stupid son of a bitch to try anything with that fist of yours you got attached to your wrist there."

Hopper pushes some binders out of the way to reveal a small wooden box. He opens it and with a small 'aha' he pulls out a small box of wrapping papers and makes himself room on the desk to roll a joint with the small bag of weed he had shoved in his pocket.

"I assume you know our lovely host?"

"I do. Hence, why I'm stealing rolling paper from him. I assume you also share the burden of knowing our lovely host?"

You laugh and start to relax a little, pulling your legs up underneath you and leaning your back against the pillows on the bed.

"Unfortunately. Spent the last four years in the same homeroom together."

"No fuckin' way, me too! We had the same homeroom? Then how in the hell did I miss you all this time?"

"Not sure, I am pretty unforgettable."

"I'll say. You at least sure know how to leave an impression."

"Cute."

He finished tightening up the roll and sealing it before tossing it on the desk and extending his hand out to you.

"Jim Hopper, at your service."

"Y/N Y/LN. Pleasure."

You start to pull away but he pulls your hand up to his mouth to kiss the back of your hand first.

"Oh no, the pleasure's all mine."

"I thought you said you weren't trying to take advantage of me?"

He laughs as he leans back in his chair.

"Sorry. I'll make sure to ask next time I want to kiss your hand. Or anywhere else."

He shoots a wink at you and you look away and laugh a bit nervously at his forwardness.

"Well, not to be rude, but I think you've teased me enough."

You get up from the bed and stand directly in front of him, your face

leaned slightly forward towards his.

“I- I beg your pardon?”

You lean closer to him and just as it looks as if his eyes are about to flutter closed, you snatch the joint from off of the desk and lean back to hold it in front of him.

“You rolled this beautiful looking joint right in front of me so I’m guessing that means you’re going to share?”

You pull out your small BIC lighter from your jacket pocket and wave it in front of his face before heading towards the door, jerking your head to the side to signal him to follow. He takes in a quiet shaky breath and rubs the back of his neck before getting up from his chair. The feeling of your light breath on his face had him feeling short of his own. Who knew someone like you was just under his nose this entire time? Maybe you were the one he had been waiting for to help him out with his ‘dilemma’? And what are the odds that you happen to have the exact same ‘dilemma’? That ‘dilemma’ being that the two of you were still virgins.

2. Rectify

“You’ve got to be god damn kidding me, Danny fucking Sullivan? You wanted your first time to be with Daniel “I’m the blandest human being alive” Sullivan?”

You groaned and dropped your head into your hands.

“Ugh, I know- but he’s the only guy who has ever showed any interest I-“

“That is such bullshit, I can guarantee you that much.”

You look back over at him as he took another drag from the joint, breathing in deep and then passing it back to you. You leaned back on the couch and took the joint from between his fingers and taking a drag that was far too deep for you to handle and you let out some sharp coughs. Hopper laughs at you a little and pats your back.

“Easy there, tiger.”

You take a minute to catch your breath before relaxing again and handing him back what little here was left of the joint.

“It’s just- I don’t know, he was nice and I really just wanted to get it over with, I guess.”

Hopper hums in response before taking a final drag of the joint and tossing it somewhere in the backyard. There just so happened to be a small couch planted in the middle of the backyard of the house the graduation party had been thrown at. What once was full of drunk high schoolers and fresh graduates was now left empty aside from the two of you and an unlimited supply of empty solo cups lined with residue from the jungle juice that had been flowing heavily earlier in the night. The two of you sat in silence for a few minutes before you turned where you were sitting and lying back to rest your head in Hopper’s lap.

“So what’s it like?”

“What’s what like?”

“You know-“ You shrugged your shoulders. “Sex. Duh.”

“Oh well- uh- it’s uh. Well it’s uh- it feels really warm and uh- wet and it’s kinda like- uh- you know.”

“Oh my god.”

You started to laugh as you sat up and turned yourself to face him.

“You’re a virgin! I can’t believe it!”

Hopper turns his gaze from you and nervously starts to talk with his hands.

“Well I mean, yeah technically, I guess you could say that I’ve never actually, in fact, had sex, either. There. Are you happy?”

You throw your head back to laugh at him.

“Oh yes, very.”

“Okay, okay, that’s enough, stop that.”

You poke him in the chest.

“Why don’t you make me!”

Hopper’s hands shoot to your hips and he shifts himself on top of you, pinching at your sides once you were trapped under him.

“NO! Jim- please, STOP!”

You pleaded between your breathless laughter. He stopped and it wasn’t two second before his mouth was on yours. You were already out of breath from him tickling you but now you were really breathless. Sure, you had been flirting and thought he was cute but you never thought you would end up in this situation. You pulled away to catch your breath and he just looked at you. And as your eyes traveled over his flushed cheeks and parted, kiss-swollen lips you felt that there was no other situation that you’d rather be in right now.

You snaked your arms from under him and grabbed ahold of the collar of his shirt to pull his mouth back onto yours, giving him twice as much back to let you know that you wanted this. You arched your back into him and let out a quiet and soft moan as he barely dipped his tongue between your lips. But before you could deepen the kiss he pulls away and breaks it.

“Are you-are you sure you want this?”

You nodded and tried to pull him back down to you but he resisted.

“Are you sure you want to do this with me?”

You cup his face in your hands and rub your thumb over his cheek and nodding again slowly. He lets out a small nervous laugh.

“Okay. Okay, good. Me too. I- I want it to be you- too.”

“You’re sweet, Hopper.”

He leans down to kiss you, easing his tongue into your mouth again and turning his head to deepen the kiss even more.

“Not as sweet as you.”

He says against your mouth before kissing you again. You move your hands from his cheeks and tangle your fingers into his hair as you let your legs fall apart for him to press up against you even more. You lift up your hips and hook your legs around his waist, earning you a groan that builds up from in Hopper’s chest. Hopper eases his hands down and hooks his fingers into the belt loops of your jeans but pauses before pulling them off of you.

“Can I- is it okay if-“

“Yes, it’s okay, Hopper.”

“O-okay. Good. I’m just- I’ll just-“

You take your hands out of his hair and wrap them around his wrists. As you help him ease your jeans and your underwear down his hands and his breaths start to shake. Once he gets to about your knees you

kick and toe them all of the way off. At his point you realize that neither of you know what you're doing.

"I uh- Is it okay if I- uh if I touch you?"

You bite your lip in anticipation and nod. The only hand that has been down there is your own and your nervousness was starting to melt into excitement. Hopper's fingers kind of fumble around your folds but it still feels good as he passes over some places, earning him a few quiet moans from you. He pulls back slightly when you whine out a bit loudly as he passed over your clit a bit too harshly.

"I'm sorry, I not- If you want to stop I-"

"No, I don't want you to stop- I just- I can help, I think."

He lets out a shaky breath and you wrap your fingers around his own, guiding him to make small and gentle circles over your clit. Once he gets the hang of that you move to press onto his thumb to ease inside of you and to start pumping along with the motions he preformed on your clit. Everything went from nervous stumbling to intense and you could actually feel yourself getting close to cumming, which honestly not something you were expecting to do during your first time. You thought Hopper had taken his time to just sort of get the hang of the basics but he was really watching and listening to your body and before you knew it, he had shifted his hand and had two fingers pushed into you and rubbed the heel of his palm over your clit.

"Fuck-"

You grabbed tight around his wrist and if it weren't for the lewd noises you were making he might've stopped, but with each whine and moan you were only sending him farther. You hadn't even touched him, yet he was already almost fully hard and desperate to be taken out of his pants.

"Y/N."

He whispered against your mouth before taking his hand off of you and reaching for one of your own. You pushed past his hand and

made your way to the button and zipper of his jeans and quickly undid them. You may not know what you were doing but you didn't need help undoing a pair of jeans. But you were so desperate for any kind of anything that you took him into your hand without warning, causing a strained groan to fall from his mouth.

"Easy there, tiger."

You let out a breathy chuckle.

"Sorry."

"No, no- It's good! I'm just not gonna last very long if you keep that up."

He moves your hand from him and gives himself a few strokes before pulling a condom from his back pocket. He tears the package with his teeth and shakes the foil from off of the condom before rolling it onto himself. He then attempts to line himself up with your entrance. Luckily, he been introduced to it just a moment ago and he starts to ease himself in just a bit too quickly and you winced at the bit of pain.

"Eaaaasy. Go slow."

"Sorry."

"It's okay, just- slow."

He eases himself in at an agonizingly slow pace, keeping his eyes locked on yours and watching for any sort of bad reaction from you. It was sweet. He was really trying hard to make sure this was as good for you as it was for him and you probably wouldn't have been able to say the same for Danny Sullivan or any other guy in your graduating class. Once he was seated all the way inside of you he puffed out his cheeks with a large and sharp exhale.

"Fuckin' hell."

You took a few breaths and let yourself relax around him. You move your hands from his sides to on the top of his shoulders and let your legs fall apart more and hooking them back around his middle to

signal to him that he could move. He simply pulled himself barely out and pushed himself back in about a dozen times before pulling out further and realizing that that was much better. His hands moved to your hips and he tested the waters of thrusting into you a bit harder which you moaned in approval. You've never been one to be very vocal while you were alone but then again you've never had anything bigger than the handle of your hairbrush inside of you. Hopper's grip became much tighter on your hips and his thrusts started to become sloppier as he came closer to the edge. You wanted to egg him on and let him know it was okay but his climax came unexpectedly to the both of you. He cried out and went back to the shallow thrusts he had done at first except at a much quicker pace as he rode out the last of his orgasm.

"Oh my god, I am-I am so sorry."

You laughed quietly at him before giving him a chaste peck on the lips.

"It's okay, Hopper. There's always next time."

He dropped his head and laughed a little before sitting up and helping you do the same. The two of you cleaned up as best you could and got completely dressed before lying back down on the couch, tangling up in each other's arms. You didn't talk much simply held each other close before unintentionally falling asleep on one another.

3. Bloomington

“Hey.”

Someone calls out to Hopper and lightly pushes on his shoulder but he's still half-asleep so nothing is processing for him well at the moment.

“Hey, get up. Nelson's parents'll be home soon and we gotta move the couch back inside.”

What's-his-face shoves him a little harder and Hopper finally wakes up and opens his eyes to find himself still in the backyard but unfortunately alone. Hopper feels something lodged into his fist and opens up his hand to find a crumbled up piece of paper. He nods at the guy who woke him and gets up from off the couch to make his way inside to find a ride home but on his way he smooths out the paper and reads the note you had written on it.

I had fun with you last night. You were the perfect gentleman. A real dream come true. I look forward to next time. xx

Y/N

Hopper smiles down at the paper and as he turns his hand over to put the note in his pocket he sees the stain of lipstick from you also leaving a kiss on his hand. Before he could stop himself, he brings the back of his hand up to his mouth and gently presses his lips onto where you left the mark of your own.

But there was no next time, at least not between the two of you. You spent your summer in Chicago with your grandparents and Hopper stayed behind in Hawkins. But the two of you picked up the same hobby: being a summer fling. Hopper had always been a flirt throughout high school and if anyone would've be told he was a virgin throughout his entire high school career, they would've called you a liar. He already had a bad habit of being a bit of a tool when it came to girls but with his newfound knack for listening to his sex partner with a skillful ear, that was now thrown into the mix. Not that you were any better, however. Being with Hopper helped you

shake off all of the lies you had led yourself to believe when you were chasing after Danny. You owned it. But it kind of made you a tool sometimes. When you were in Chicago, there was no point in getting serious with someone as you were about to head off to the University of Michigan for school. And with Hopper, he felt there was no point in getting serious because he was just letting things happen, going with the flow, taking it easy. He had no plans or goals after High School besides to work and save up money and wait for his calling to come shouting in his face rather than force himself into something he wasn't completely sure of. But this just became a bad habit for the both of you and you both carried it with you throughout the years. All the way up to right now, where Hopper was having to deal with the consequences, once again.

“I can't FUCKING believe you.”

The blonde woman bursts out of Hopper's office as quickly as she had stomped in, for she didn't have much to say to him. In fact, she didn't plan on saying anything to him- just throwing the pair of bright pink lace underwear the did not belong to her she had found on the floor of his bedroom that he had left her in this morning onto his desk and never seeing him again. They had slept together a couple of times and never talked about any sort of exclusivity but these pink panties crossed a line he had promised he would never cross for they didn't belong to her but to her best friend. One who she happened to harbor a small bit of jealousy towards which brought her to ask if he thought she was attractive which he adamantly denied. So much so, that she actually believed him. But what was the icing on the cake was when she did toss the pair of panties on his desk he simply smirked at her and asked “Those yours?”.

He couldn't even remember whose underwear they belonged to.

Tool.

But again no, they did not belong to her, they belonged to her best friend. How'd she know they belonged to her?

Because she's the one who bought the pair for her. They were a

cheeky birthday present.

Hopper quickly gets up and catches up to stand in front of her, holding his hands up in front of him in defense.

“Baby, baby, baby, baby, I’m so sorry- But we never said this was exclusive.”

Her jaw dropped as she scoffed loud enough for the entire precinct to hear. He knew they heard because he could hear them shift in their chairs to turn and look around the corner at the commotion.

“She was my best friend! You told me you didn’t- that you wouldn’t!”

“I know, I know, I know but listen you can’t do that, you can’t just dictate who I can and can’t see and who Jessica can and can’t see for that matter! Now why don’t we just calm down and head back into my office, alright? I’m sure I can think of a few ways to make it up to you.”

She gives him a deadpan look of pure disgust and grabs the cup of coffee on the ledge of the window that opens up on Flo’s desk and tossing its contents in his face and setting the cup back down.

“Her name is Katherine, asshole.”

She shoves her shoulder into him as she stomps past him muttering a ‘un-fucking-believable’ under her breath as she made her way out the door. Hopper drags his hand over his face and was grateful she decided to come just after lunch for Flo’s coffee was now cold.

“Right. Katherine. Sorry.”

Flo had actually been sitting at her desk the entire time but didn’t feel the least bit sorry for him. She stands up and sets the box of tissues that was on her desk onto the window’s ledge for Hopper to use to clean himself up a little.

“You know, Hop, can I make a suggestion?”

Hopper sighs as he turns towards her and takes a handful of tissues to wipe off his face.

“I’m sure you’re going to make one, no matter what I want, so go right ahead, Flo.”

“There’s this really great group that’s meeting at the Baptist church tonight and I think you’d really get something out of it if you went.”

“What group?”

“It’s like AA.”

“What do you mean ‘like AA’?”

“Just trust me, James, it’ll be good for you and good for those folks to see you there, accountability is what it’s all about right?”

“It’ll at least be a good place to hide for the night, I guess.”

“That’s the spirit, Hop! Now please-“

She flicks the soiled tissues he had dropped on the ledge onto the floor.

“Clean up your damn mess. Preferably better than how you just tried to clean up that one.”

He gives her a forced smile.

“Good one.”

4. Detour

What Flo meant by 'like AA' she meant it was a different kind of addicts anonymous.

Sex addicts anonymous.

But after enduring 3 graphic testimonials, Hopper decided that now was a good of time as any to head outside for a smoke.

And that's when he first laid eyes on you for the first time since that night over a decade ago.

You were standing in a phone booth planted on the sidewalk just in front of the steps of the church.

He wasn't quite sure it was you so he simply continued to light up his cig and watched you put your change into the machine and hold the phone to your ear but you only did so for a few seconds before hanging up. Whoever you were trying to call, you chickened out before the phone could even ring and exited the booth. It wasn't any of his business so he wouldn't ask you about it but now that he could see you better and confirm it was you he called out to you.

"Y/N? Y/N Y/LN?"

You pause for one second, half way recognizing his voice and turn around to face him as he made his way down the stairs to stand in front of you.

"No way. Hopper?"

"The very same."

"This is crazy, I haven't seen you since--"

"Since graduation night, yeah, what brings you to Hawkins?"

"Well I uh- wait were you just- in there? At that meeting?"

He rubs the back of his neck as he lets out a few embarrassed

chuckles.

“Um, yeah, yeah, I was actually.”

“I uh- I was too.”

You both laugh a little nervously before slipping into an awkward silence.

“Well, uh- what have you been up to? How’ve you been? Don’t tell me you’ve been in Hawkins all this time because I’d lose my mind if you were right under my nose and I still missed you again.”

“No, no, but I’m not too far out I work up in Bloomington but I do a lot of business in Hawkins so I’m surprise we haven’t run into each other at least once.”

“Well, shit. But you’ve been good?”

“Yeah, I’ve been good. You?”

“I’ve certainly been better, but I’m doing much better right now.”

You look down at your feet and smile as you’re sure your cheeks were starting to go pink at his flattery.

“Well, I should probably be getting back to Bloomington before it gets too late I-“

“Well, wait-“

Hopper pulls out a small pad of paper from his back pocket and a pen from his front and begins to right down his number.

“Call me sometime this week, we can get drinks, I’d really love to catch up with you.”

You take the paper from his hand, your fingers just barely graze over his own.

“I’d like that.”

“Me too.”

“You said that.”

“Right.”

You laugh at him before turning around to walk towards where you had parked your car.

“Goodnight, Hop.”

“Night, stranger.”

5. Misread

You called Hopper that weekend and he told you that him and a friend were going out for drinks and that he'd love for you to join. The friend ended up being Joyce and this was a weekly ritual of theirs. You were disappointed that this seemed to be nothing more than a hangout for you were sure he was planning on taking you out on a date.

"So, Y/N, how'd you meet Hop?"

"We went to the same high school but we didn't actually meet until the night of our graduation."

"Yeah, we actually lost our virginity to each other."

"Oh my god, Hopper!"

You scolded him and hit him on the arm.

"Wait, this is Y/N? The Y/N? It's okay, he's already told me all about that night, and we're friends now so no judgment or shame is allowed here, sweetheart."

You shake your head and laugh.

"Sounds good, Joyce. Could you excuse me, I'll just be a second."

You leave the group and sneak your way out of the bar to leave. It just seemed like you were intruding on a fun night between best friends so it was just better for you to slip away.

"She left, you know."

"What are you talkin' about, Joyce, she said she'd only be a second."

"That's what all girls say when they need an excuse to cut and run but don't want to hurt your feelings, but she's amazing so I'm gonna need you to run after her because I'll be fucking pissed if you let her slip through your fingers, again."

Hopper takes a minute to weigh his options before downing the rest of his drink, kissing Joyce on the cheek and heading out the door to chase you down.

You hadn't made it far so he spotted you right away and started to jog in your direction.

"Y/N!"

You clench your eyes shut in embarrassment of being caught and you turn around and face him with an apologetic smile.

"Hey, listen I'm so sorry I just felt awkward like I was intruding and it just seemed weird for a date so I just--"

Hopper looked up and rubbed his eyes as he groaned.

"Oh my god, you thought this was a date? I'm so sorry, no, I would've done so much better- you know what, will you go ahead let me? Let's get something to eat."

"Wait, right now?"

"Well, you were expecting a date tonight so I'm giving you one! Come on, I know a great diner down the street."

You pause for a minute just blinking at him before shaking your head and linking arms with him as he lead you to the diner.

6. Mousetrap

“Truth or dare?”

“Umm...truth.”

“You’re no fun.”

“I already did your lame ‘drink this entire ketchup packet’ dare, your dares suck! So truth!”

“Fine. What’s your number?”

“What do you mean ‘my number’? Like my phone number? Because you already have that, Hop.”

“No, dummy, I mean how many people have you slept with?”

“Wow, alright, um...”

“You don’t have to answer if you don’t want to!”

“No, no, it’s not that I just- I’ve lost count.”

You said the last part just under your breath.

“I’m sorry, what was that?”

“I said I lost count, okay?”

Hopper leaned his head back to laugh and you thought about getting up to leave. You weren’t embarrassed in the slightest but if he was going to make fun of you for it, you weren’t having it.

“Well, if you’re so saint-like, what’s your number?”

Hopper stops laughing and clears his throat before pausing like you had.

“Well?”

He rubs the back of his neck and you look up at him through your

lashes as you take another sip of your milkshake waiting for him to answer.

“I think the number is upwards of...60?”

“OH so you don’t know for sure either, you ass!”

“Well, I wasn’t laughing at you! I just think it’s funny that we’re in the same boat.”

“Who says we’re in the same boat? Maybe the reason I sleep around is because I’ve got daddy issues.”

“Do you?”

You pause and tap your fingers on the diner table.

“No. But I’ll tell you what I think my deal is if you tell me yours.”

Hopper intertwined his fingers together and twisted them out away from him to pop his fingers and leaning forward on his arms like he was preparing to tell you a very long story.

“Well I’m sure it’s some deep rooted childhood trauma but I just don’t see a point I guess.”

“Care to elaborate?”

“Like the few relationships I have had, just never worked, so why bother putting these expectations on someone you’ve just met and just get right to it. And honestly, if I slept with someone and I did like them, I’d abandon my non-monogamous ways.”

“Is that a promise?”

“Why, you think I can’t do it?”

“Not really, no. I don’t think you have it in you. Besides, it sounds like you’re not willing to even give someone a chance. Like when was the last time you waited to sleep with someone?”

“Plenty of times!”

“I mean longer than three dates.”

“Oh.”

“That’s what I thought.”

“Well, what about you? What’s your deal?”

“It’s complicated.”

“Oh no, I just bared my soul to you, darlin’, you’re not getting out that easy!”

“Let’s save something for the second date, yeah?”

“Alright, but I’ll be holding you to that, sweetheart.”

Hopper called over the waitress and paid for your meal before the two of you made your way out so he could walk you to where you had parked down the street a ways.

“So.”

“So...”

You laughed a little at the bit of tension the two of you were finally acknowledging. You stopped and gently grabbed his arm and turned him to face you. You paused for just a moment and with how close you were standing you almost forgot what you were trying to tell him.

“Can I be honest with you, Hop?”

“I always want you to be honest with me.”

“And I want you to always be honest with me, too! Which is why I think maybe it be better if we just stay friends.”

“Alright, that sounds okay to me...its just arghhh”

“What?”

“I just-“

You squeezed his arm to reassure him.

“Hop, we promised we’d be honest with each other.”

“I just really- I uh- I want to fuck you.”

Your jaw dropped and you pulled your hand back away from his arm to hit him. You weren’t mad at him, you actually appreciated that he was being honest. It was actually refreshing since you can’t remember the last time a guy was actually fully honest with you.

“Oh my god, no! Hopper, I just said we should stay friends, and you need to do better about waiting until at least the second date before sleeping with the girls you take out.”

“I know, I’m sorry, it’s just- you we’re looking at me and there was that moment and I thought we were going to kiss and I just-“

“We need a safe word.”

“A safe word?”

“Yeah, like if we ever have one of those moments where we get too relationship-y, we’ll use the safe word and then we’ll know to stop!”

“That’s the dumbest idea I’ve ever heard.”

“Well, you’ve got a better one, genius?”

“...No.”

“That what I thought.”

“Well, what’s the safe word gonna be?”

“What’s something you hate the most? Something that would for sure turn you off if we mentioned it?”

“The first thing that’s coming to mind is the Yankees.”

“Okay, Yankees, yank! Like yank off your dick!”

“Jesus! Yeah, that’s perfect, I am very turned off, ouch.”

You toss your head back to laugh at him and you had been too distracted to notice that the two of you had past your car by about a block. You let Hopper know and tell him you can make it there on your own and wish him a good night and he does the same to you. Something tells you that 'yank' is going to probably be used quite a bit between the two of you so-called 'sex addicts'.

7. Regulars

“Would you rather,”

You started to think of a good question for Hop as you lined up your sights straight down the middle of the bowling lane before tossing your purple and white swirled bowling ball into the pins, knocking most of them over.

“never be able to have sex without vomiting after or never be able to cum without barking like a dog?”

“Every kind of sex?”

Hopper asked as you as he leaned over the table in front of him to update your score on the little paper the bowling alley gave you so you could keep track.

“Yes, every kind of sex. P in V, P in A, P in M, M on V-“

“M on V?”

Your ball finally makes it back through the machine and you pick it up and head closer to the lanes to finish your turn.

“Mouth on vagina.”

“Aw Jesus, um- I guess the barking one.”

You laugh at him as you take your turn, bowling your ball right into the gutter.

“Shit- why that one?”

You make your way back over to Hopper and plot down next to him on the bench, peeking over his shoulder to look at the paper to remind yourself and your ego that you were winning. He leans back and crosses his leg to rest his ankle on his thigh and puts his arm around the back of the bench.

“Well, you never said the barking had to be loud and maybe the

circumstances could work in my favor to not make me seem as crazy.”

“What, you’d bang someone with a dog fetish?”

He tosses his head back to laugh and pushes at your shoulder.

“No, that she’d be louder than me or I could maybe make the barking sound more like grunting or something.”

“Sounds like you put quite a bit of thought into this and pretty cocky for you to say that extra loud women and grunting are common things to happen when you’re having sex.”

You tilt your head at him but he just smirks at you smugly.

“Sounds like you’re the one doing quite a bit of thinking about what it’s like to have sex with me.”

“Hopper, yank!”

Hopper laughs and holds his hands up in defense.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry, but you really just gave that one to me, I couldn’t resist.”

“Yeah, yeah, whatever. It’s your turn, I’m gonna get us more beer.”

“You’re a goddess. Wait, pet names constitute a ‘yank’, no?”

“Not if they’re accurate.”

“Look who’s cocky now!”

“Again, not if it’s accurate!”

You told him over your shoulder as you got up to head to the bar, he just rolled his eyes at you with the smirk still glued on his face.

It had been just over a month since you and Hopper rekindled and the fact that you were only just now coming together was a crazier and crazier concept to the two of you every day. You two ate at the same diner, drank at the same bar, and bowled at the same alley

every Tuesday night. Everything just came so easy and you truly felt like you could tell each other anything and not be judged. And if there was some judgment you knew it was well placed. If you told Hopper he was being an idiot, he knew that he probably was and vice versa, though he didn't have to call you out as often. You two were alike in a million different ways and were different in a million different other but you just 'got' each other.

You two only bowled a few more turns before getting caught up in a buzz-fueled conversation and totally forgetting about the finishing the game. Tuesdays were the best time for the two of you and probably for the owners of the alley too, because you were the only ones around. Making it easier on the staff and easier on the people of the public honestly for they didn't have to endure the wide variety of uncensored conversations the two of you would have. You two could talk and not talk for hours, just being around one another felt right to you but no doubt seemed obnoxious to others. But as much as you loved talking with Hopper there was one conversation you had been dreading ever since you brought it up on your 'first date'. But a pitcher and a half of beer later and now you've let it slip again, the floodgates open with no sign of closing until those feelings you've been keeping bottled up all come falling out.

8. Doctored

“I’m sorry you cheated how many times?”

You let out a big sigh before repeating yourself.

“26.”

“You slept with 26 different people other than who you were with at the time? Jesus, sweetheart, even I know better.”

You shake your head frantically and take in a small drag of your cigarette.

“No, no, I cheated with one person on 26 different occasions before I came clean!”

“Still.”

You cross your arms over yourself and shift your body slightly away from him. You had been kindly kicked out of the bowling alley by the staff as they had let you stay far past closing but you had just let your biggest secret slip out to Hopper just as you were leaving. So here the two of you were, on a bench outside of the alley, cigarette butts sprinkled around your feet.

“I know, Hopper, god! I’m not telling you so that you can make me feel more like shit about it.”

“I’m sorry, I-“

He brings a hand up to rest on your shoulder but you shrug it off of you.

“Double yank. Don’t call me sweetheart.”

You dramatically flick what was left of your cigarette away from you, not even flinching when the sparks flew from the cherry.

“I thought you said pet names were okay as long as they were accurate.”

You let yourself smile a bit at that but you were still irritated. Not with Hopper but with yourself.

“Triple yank.”

Hopper playfully scoffs as he scoots closer to you and leans forward so he can crane his neck to prompt you to look at him.

“So this guy is “your deal”?”

He gestures quotation marks with his fingers and you simply nod before leaning back against the bench. Hopper’s eyes follow you and he takes a big sigh before copying your motions.

“Can I ask you some questions and you promise you won’t get mad?”

You raise a brow at him before dropping your gaze down to your hands that were resting on your lap.

“Shoot.”

Hopper takes in one last drag of his cigarette before dropping it on the ground in front of him and putting out the cherry with the toe of his boot.

“So, you sleep with this one guy twenty-or-so times- why not break up with the guy you had been with and be with him?”

You pause for a minute and unconsciously start to bounce your leg.

“It’s complicated.”

“Well, then explain it to me. I’ve got all night, sweetheart.”

“It’s just I- It’s not that I don’t want to be in a relationship with he just- his work is really important to him and he doesn’t want the distraction and I just- and I thought I could move on and be in a relationship with someone else because that’s all I want but then he just- he told me things, that he felt so unwanted by me and that he was disappointed that I couldn’t wait for him so I just thought- I thought I’d just remind him that I- I did want him. That I’d always want him- I love him- I- I- I think- I don’t know, Hopper, I mean- I

think I do, I want to love him I mean he's- he's smart and successful and handsome and I'm just- I'm just me- but he still wants to be with me. He's all this and he wants to be with me, I just have to wait- I just have to."

Hopper eases his hand onto your knee and gives it a squeeze. He wanted to let you let everything out before giving you his input but while you were letting your words tumble, he had been watching your body fall apart so he subtly pulled you back down into reality. You touched your face and found it wet and the underside of your thigh was tingly and slightly numb from how fast you had been bouncing it. All of this had gone unnoticed by you until now. He wanted to yell at you to stop. He wanted to pull you into his chest and tell you that you were worth so much more, that you were worth everything. But he could tell you weren't quite finished and doing so would most certainly cross a boundary.

"Hopper, he's the best I can do. I can't lose him, I just can't I--"

Hopper moves his hand from your leg and gently grips your chin to move your head so you can look him in the eye.

"Alright, that's enough."

Hopper told you sternly. He dropped his hand down on your shoulder and moved his other back to the spot on your knee.

"I don't think I've ever heard a bigger load of horseshit in my life and I'm a cop."

You let out a small but watery laugh and wiped your hand over your cheek to brush your tears away before focusing back onto Hopper.

"He's not the best you can do. You are the best he can do. And I'm telling you right now, that you're right. He does want. But it's not you. He only wants what you can give him and he's a sick bastard who knows how to manipulate you to give it to him, no, take it from you. That's not love, Y/N. You don't love someone for the things they can give you. You're just supposed to love them for them. And sweetheart,"

He moves his hand to rest his fingers under your chin but his thumb to gently rub your cheek.

“he’s not smart man if he didn’t get you when he had the chance.”

“He’s a doctor, Hopper.”

“He could be Albert fuckin’ Einstein for all I care and I’d still call him a damn fool right to his face.”

You shake your head slightly as you quietly laugh but he grips your chin and stares you down.

“I mean it, Y/N. He doesn’t deserve you and you don’t deserve the bullshit he’s putting you through. You might not believe a word I just said but I’ll be here to tell you again and again until you do. Because it’s the truth, Y/N. You’re worth and deserve so much more.”

You hadn’t noticed how close your faces were until you saw his eyes drop down to your mouth. It was just for a split second and it could’ve been nothing but you noticed it nonetheless so you pulled away from his touch and scooted back from him slightly.

“Yank.”

“Right. Sorry.”

His face falls a little and he shifts his body to face forward and the two of you sit in silence for just minute.

“Thank you, Hopper.”

You turn your body to face his and wrap your arms around his neck to hug him tight. He tenses up for just a moment before shifting to accommodate you and wrapping his arms around you, his hands resting on your back.

“Anytime, Y/N.”

9. Layers

Hopper had given you a bit of space after that night. Not that he wanted to leave you alone, he just knew that by the way you had just let all of this fall out that it was something you hadn't really taken the time to face it yourself. He had learned the hard way that the only way to really help someone, is to just be there while they learn the lesson themselves, you can't do it for them. But after a few days you two met up again and he made you swear that you would never give this guy the time of day again. While damage kept you from believing a lot of what Hopper had told you, he had helped you realize that this wasn't normal or okay. All the time you had endured this had you convinced that this was something you deserved but Hopper helped you realize that love and happiness isn't supposed to be painful and isn't supposed to make you feel smaller.

"And you thought I was the best pick for this job because, why?"

Hopper asked you as you dragged him through the small boutique to the section with the casual but nicer dresses that just so happened to be right next to the shoe section, blessing Hopper with a place to sit while you looked through them.

"Because Joyce was working and you're the only other person I am willing to share the fact that I'm chaperoning a high school dance."

Hopper laughs as he plops down on the low stool that's meant for people who are trying on shoes, ignoring the odd looks he was getting from the other shoppers in this small woman's clothing store.

"That's because I'm going too and I'm the one who signed you up."

"So you admit, I was forced."

You note as you lay another dress on your arm.

"I said you didn't have to come if you don't want to!"

"I'm kidding, Hop. And I love Joyce, but she'd be too nice to tell me when something didn't look nice on me."

You told him as you grabbed one more dress to try on before motioning Hopper to follow you to the dressing rooms with a nod of your head.

“Plus, you’re the one who knows me the best.”

“What does that have to do with how I think you look in a dress?”

Hopper asks as he tails behind you, trading the stool for a small loveseat to rest on as you entered a dressing room and pulled the curtain closed.

“What I’m saying is that you’ve seen me naked, and Joyce hasn’t.”

“I have not seen you naked! You-you-your clothes were on and it was dark and I-“

You interrupted him by stepping out of the dressing room with a purple dress that was pretty but didn’t fit you quite right.

“I know, Hopper, I was there- I was just teasing. What do you think of this one?”

“Well, yank to the cruel teasing and absolutely no to the dress.”

“Yeah, you’re right. Give me one second.”

You head back into the dressing room to try on the next dress and Hopper simply twiddles his thumbs and bounces his leg as he waits for you. You step out in a yellow dress that would be nice if it was more yellow and less vomit colored and the next green dress would’ve been acceptable if you were 30 years older. You had your favorite of the bunch saved for last, a silky, off the shoulder, navy dress that hugged your torso but then slightly flared out at your waist and cut off at your knees. It wasn’t much, but it was something you knew you’d feel great in. The only issue was zipping it up on your own.

“Hopper?”

“Yes, dear?”

“Could you come help me?”

“With?”

“My open-heart surgery-no- with the zipper, dummy.”

Hopper swallowed thickly before getting up from the loveseat and standing just in front of the curtain of the room you were in.

“Right.”

He sighed just under his breath before slipping into your dressing room and coming face to face with the skin of your near-bare back. The thoughts that went through his mind of other situations where he'd like to see your bare back in front of him like this-

“Hop?”

You reached around yourself and flicked the zipper with the tips of your fingers, showing him that you couldn't reach any higher than what you had already zipped.

“Right-right, sorry.”

He shook his head and stepped closer to you, holding his breath because he knew if he did let himself breathe, his quick breaths would for sure give him away. As he pulled the zipper up, he forced himself to think ‘yank, yank, yank, yank, yank’ over and over again until the zipper was zipped all the way. He wasn't sure of what to do next so he simply let his fingers linger there, his mantra of ‘yank’s getting louder but doing nothing to keep him from noticing how warm and soft your skin feels that is touching the back of his fingers. You let out a cough and he pulls his hands away from you. You turn around to look at yourself in the mirror that was behind you and to show Hopper and to get his opinion. You smooth out the fabric and try hard to focus on the mirror behind you rather than let yourself see the pink hidden under Hopper’s scruff- dammit but you just did notice!

“That one’s the one, definitely. Can we go now, we’re gonna miss pancake happy hour at the diner.”

Hopper said to you before rushing out of the dressing room and falling back down onto the loveseat.

“Fuck.”

Hopper says just under his breath.

“Shit.”

You say just under yours.

10. Chapter 10

“All I’m asking is for one cup of coffee, just one!”

The woman at the front desk of the attorney’s office simply rolls her eyes and shakes her head as she gets the papers together that Hopper had come in for.

“I don’t know, Hopper, word gets around-“

“I know, I know- I’ve been pretty shitty in the past, but I’m turning over a new leaf!”

She raises a brow at him in skepticism.

“A new leaf?”

“Darlin’, if I saw this as only a ‘wham, bam, thank you, ma’am’ situation, do you really think I’d be asking you out on a morning coffee date?”

She purses her lips into a small smile and taps her fingers on her desk a few times.

“Suppose not.”

“So, is that a yes?”

She writes a number down onto a post-it note and sticks it onto the folder with the papers he had come in for before handing it over to him.

“I’m free next Wednesday.”

“I’ll call you with the time, darlin’.”

This was just a few days before you and Hopper were meant to chaperone the dance at the high school. Joyce had roped Hopper into it and Hopper had roped you into it and now here you were, all awkwardly standing around a group of even more awkward teenagers trying to slow dance with each other without stepping on each

other's toes and failing miserably. But it was sweet. The music and the clothes were different but it resembled a lot what a high school dance looked like for you and Hop. It almost made you a little sad that the two of you never got to go to one together. You might've been there at the same time but you didn't know each other then and lord knows you both could've used one another. But with that the slow song ended and one with a much faster beat and deeper bass, your job had really started. You weren't one to want to cut someone's fun short but you weren't about to let some creep grind up on a girl who wasn't having it, so you kept your eyes peeled, ready to sick Hopper onto some wanna be hot-shot kids who look like snot-nosed brats compared to Hopper. Maybe it wasn't so bad that this was how the two of you would go to a high school dance together. After a few hours and striking the fear of god into a few assholes, more parents had shown up for relief. Leaving you two on the sidelines with nothing to do. The music was far too loud for the two of you to try and talk and just as you were about to shove your mouth up to Hopper's ear for him to hear you, you remembered something. Another one of your chaperone duties was to make sure no one was fucking or doing drugs in the bathroom and you had just so happened to confiscate a small but beautiful joint from a kid earlier. You reached into your purse and folded the joint into your hand before standing up on your toes and pulling Hopper down closer to your face with a hand on his shoulder.

"Do cops get drug tested?"

You ask him as you touched the small of his back with your hand that was holding the joint.

"I haven't, no, why do you-"

You interrupt him by tucking the joint into his back pocket and tapping his ass a few times, just to tease him some more.

"I think now would be a good time for a cigarette break, don't you think? I think I'll join you!"

You give him one hard slap on the ass for good measure and before you can pull away, he's gripped the back of your neck and pulled your ear right up against his lips.

“Yank, Y/N.”

11. Bad Trip

The two of you made your way to a spot Hopper would frequent between and during classes throughout high school. It was a bit of a hike from the gym but it was the perfect hiding spot. You had taken a couple hits each but had barely said two words to each other. It's not unlike the two of you to sit in comfortable silence but nothing about this silence was comfortable. Hopper had yet to tell you about his date but was completely dreading it for reasons he was refusing to face. There was this unspoken thing between you but a very spoken thing keeping you from dealing with it. But Hopper was beating himself up over why he couldn't just tell you. He wasn't sure if it was a worse idea to tell you or not tell you and to just let you find out. Telling you would make it seem like it was this big deal that you were somehow making it even clearer, like he'd be rubbing it in your face, that the two of you wouldn't be together. But on the other hand, not telling you made it seem like he was being dishonest or he had feelings for you and telling you about a date would hurt you and hurt his chances with getting with you or make it seem that he assumes that you have feelings for him and telling you would hurt you and god dammit, why is he thinking so hard about this?

"Hop?"

"Huh?"

You laughed at him and pulled the joint that you had outstretched to him, back towards you.

"Had enough, space cadet?"

Hopper laughs and shakes his head before reaching out for joint.

"Not even close."

You shrugged and reluctantly passed it over to him.

"If you say so, but I asked you a question."

"Oh, sorry, I was- thinking."

“About?”

“What did you ask me?”

“Forget it,”

You waved your hand at this before laying flat on your back on the picnic table you were sitting on.

“What were you thinking so hard is the new burning question I have, now.”

Hopper licked his thumb and rolled the cherry of the joint between his fingers and put it in his pocket for the two of you two of you to finish later and following suit, lying on the table next to you with his hands behind his head.

“I uh- I was thinking about- this girl.”

You rolled your head to the side to look at him and raised a brow. Hopper stayed put with his gaze looking up at the night sky.

“Oh?”

Hopper cleared his throat and moved a hand onto his stomach before turning his head to look at you.

“Yeah, I uh- I actually have a date on Wednesday.”

You sit up and turn your body towards him with a giant grin on your face.

“Are you serious? Well, with who? What’s her name? Wait, where are you going? When did you even ask her?”

“Slow down, speed racer,”

He sits up and leans back on his hands.

“I asked her on Thursday I-“

“Wait, Thursday? You waited a whole two days before telling me?”

You said through some breathy laughs of disbelief, though you didn't think this was funny. In fact, you were unexpectedly angry.

"So?"

You scoffed.

"So? I literally saw you that night and you didn't think to tell me?"

"No? Sorry, I didn't realize that it was any of your business, Y/N."

"I didn't say that it was but I thought we tell each other everything and I just don't get why you'd keep this from me!"

Hopper shoves himself from on top of the picnic table and stands in front of you.

"I didn't keep it from you, I'm telling you now!"

"Yeah, now! But why not then?"

"Fuck, I don't know, Y/N? I just didn't okay, it just slipped my mind I guess, why are you pissed about this, why does it matter when I told you, shit- If I would've known you were gonna act like this I wouldn't of told you at all!"

"Fuck you, Hopper!"

You shove yourself up and start to stomp away from him, the sting of tears prickling at the corner of your eyes. You weren't sure why you were so upset and that made you even more upset. The same went for Hopper. He had no idea why you were acting this way and had no idea why he was as mad as he was. But he heard you sniff when you took the third or fourth step and he pushed all of that aside. Now he was mad at himself because he had hurt you.

"Y/N, wait."

He called out to you before jogging to catch up to you and grabbing your arm. You turn around to face him but you don't look at him.

"I'm sorry, I didn't tell you sooner, I just- I don't know- I-Y/N, please

look at me.”

You wiped the stray tears from your face with the back of your hand before looking up at him. His eyes were soft and his jaw was tight, it killed him to think that he had hurt you and it showed. You sighed and relaxed your features and your stature before wrapping around his middle and resting your cheek against his chest. Hopper didn't even hesitate to press his lips to the top of your head and wrap his arms tight around you. But this made him hesitate afterwards and he pulled you away from him.

“Yank.”

“What, I can't even hug you?”

“No, it's just- not- no-“

“It's fine, I get it.”

You took half a step away from him and crossed your arms in front of you. Hopper lets out a sigh, dragging his hand over his mouth as he looked away from you and regained his thoughts. But how could he? There were a million of them running a million miles a minute all around his head. He steps closer to you and puts his hands on your shoulders, rubbing gentle circles with his thumbs.

“I'm sorry, Y/N. For everything. I'm an ass, you know this.”

You look down and laugh a little but he brings his fist under your chin, gently pinching it as he guides your head up to look at him again.

“I should have told you and I'm sorry. Her name is Tessa, she's the receptionist at Hartford Law on Main and we're going for morning coffee. Happy?”

You smile and nod before pulling your head away from his hands.

“If we can't hug in this moment then you can't do that either, Hop.”

He smiles and pulls back from you with his hands up in defense.

“Fair point.”

You both laugh and you start to make your way back to the gym with Hopper’s arm around your shoulder, his hand giving you small squeezes every couple of seconds.

There were only a handful of kids at the dance but none of the chaperones were allowed to leave until there weren’t any left. A slow song was playing over the speakers and a few had paired off to dance when you walked into the gym. You broke out of Hopper’s grip but before you could head to the outskirts to wait for the rest of the kids to leave, Hopper grabs hold of your hand and pulls you onto the dance floor.

“Did you really think I was gonna go the whole dance without dancing with my date? What kind a person do you take me for?”

You laughed as the two of you situated with his hand just above your hip and a few inches between the two of you and simply swaying on time with the beat.

“Well, you did say you were an ass not five minutes ago.”

Hopper tosses his head back slightly and laughs.

“You got me there.”

At some point, you ended up with no space between the two of you. Your head was on his chest and his was resting on top of yours. There was no moment where you shoved the other off and cried ‘yank’. You both just barely swayed and breathed each other in, your fingers and thumbs rubbing over wherever they had been resting.

You would’ve stayed there all night if you hadn’t been tapped on the shoulder. You pulled away from Hop and turned to who had tapped you and was faced with a tall, handsome, blonde man asking you to dance. All those feelings that should’ve come up earlier to shove yourself off of Hopper came up then all at once and you simply nodded and switched Hopper’s body for his. And Hopper just let you. It’s not like he could’ve just said ‘sorry, pal, she’s with me’ because you weren’t. You weren’t his and he wasn’t yours. So Hopper just

headed off to the sidelines and watched you, his jaw clenching every time he made you laugh. His eyes were glued to his hands, not knowing what he would've done if they would've moved down any further than where they were. The tipping point for him was when he finally realized what song was playing over the speakers.

Free, on my own is the way I used to be

Ah, but since I met you baby, love's got a hold on me

It's got a hold on me now

I can't let go of you baby

I fooled around and fell in love

Hopper rolled his eyes and scoffed loud enough for the whole town to hear and made his way outside, for he had had enough of this sick game the universe was playing on him right then.

12. Columbus

“No, you fucking. did. not.”

“What’s the big deal?”

“What’s the big- you took her to our diner, Jim!”

You slam your back against the booth you were sitting in across from Hopper and cross your arms in front of you. Hopper laughs at you as he leans forward to stir his milkshake with his straw.

“First of all, since when is this our diner, second of all, I didn’t realize I wasn’t allowed to come here with anyone other than you!”

Your jaw goes slack as you scoff in disbelief.

“How dare you, this has been our place since the very beginning! But alright, I’ll let it slide this time but from now on this place is sacred.”

“What about the alley?”

“...about that.”

Hopper raises his brows and his jaw drops like yours had just a moment ago.

“You god damn hypocrite, you’re taking him to the alley? Our alley?”

You shake your head and laugh at him.

“No, unlike you I respect our friendship, however,”

“How-ever.”

Hopper rolls his eyes and puts on a voice to mock you. You reach over the table to hit him on the arm.

“Listen to what I’m trying to tell you, James!”

Hopper gasps obnoxiously.

“Uh-oh, she called me, James. I don’t think you’ve ever called me that before.”

You leaned back against the booth and rolled your eyes at him.

“Oh, I’m certain I have and anyways, I am not taking Frank to the alley but we are going out on Tuesday night.”

His mouth falls open again and his hands fall with his palms up on the table. You reach over and tap under his chin to prompt him to close his mouth.

“Stop that, you’ll catch flies that way.”

“No, you’ll be the one catching flies because you’re a piece of shit!”

You laugh and toss your crumbled up napkin at him.

“Alright, I deserved that, but hear me out, chief, we were havin’ trouble finding a time when we were both free and he just happened to have a little, sorta fancy event that night and invited me to join and it worked out.”

“Just happened to’so what, he just wants you to be arm candy for the night, is that it?”

You scoffed and raised your brows at him.

“Are you saying I’m not pretty enough to be arm candy?”

Hopper rolls his eyes at you but in an annoyed way, not a playful one.

“That’s not what I’m saying, Y/N.”

You turned your gaze from him as you waved your hand in the air in an attempt to change the subject before he could continue with his accusations on your date’s character.

“Whatever, that’s not what I brought you here to talk about.”

Hopper motions you to continue with a wave of his hand before

shifting to get more comfortable in his seat after being tensed up for the past few minutes of conversation between the two of you. Even though most of it was playful and you shared a few laughs, even since the dance things have been strange between the two of you. Hopper went on his date with Tessa and had another lined up for next week. The man who had danced with you that night, Frank, had also asked you out and you accepted without hesitation and told Hopper right after, “showing him how easy it was” to do so. But it wasn’t easy, not for either of you. And what was about to come out of your mouth wasn’t going to be any easier.

“I’m going back to Michigan.”

“You what?”

“I decided that I wanted to go back to school to get my masters and so I applied back at the University of Michigan and they’re willing to set me up pretty nice with a huge alumni scholarship, so. I got the letter this afternoon.”

“Y/N-“

Hopper’s tone was one that you were afraid of. It was pleading and rough and full of things that needed to stay unspoken otherwise... well you weren’t sure what ‘otherwise’ but that’s what really terrified you. You had no idea what would happen if those unspoken things were spoken. But Hopper simply cleared the gravel from his throat and a genuine smile grew on his face. You felt your heart climb back up from where it had dropped in your stomach and you let out a breath you had been holding since you had opened your acceptance letter.

“That’s amazing, Y/N. I’m so fucking proud of you!”

You dropped your head and laughed.

“Thanks, Hopper.”

“So, when do you leave?”

Hopper’s tone was still uppity like his whole world wasn’t crashing down around him. Michigan wasn’t that far and it’s not like you

couldn't call but what the hell was he supposed to do without you? What was going to happen to the two of you when you're that far apart again?

"In two weeks."

Hopper had to clear the gravel from his throat again before replying.

"Wow, that's quick!"

Two weeks? I only have two more weeks left with you?

"Yeah well, I applied pretty late but they still accepted me as long as I could get there when the semester started."

"Well, what about Frank?"

What about me?

"I mean, I guess we'll just have to see how this date goes now won't we?"

God dammit, What about us?

Oh wait, that's right.

There is no us.

13. Chosen

Frank picked you up at 7 on the dot. You had decided to just go with the dress you wore to the dance but you dressed it up a little more with some jewelry, a belt, and some higher heels. Frank loved it, it was one of the things that drew him to you was how you looked in that dress. The event was a small charity event being hosted by Frank's job. Frank worked in the business of hospitals, not as a doctor, but the buildings and business of them. You don't know why you didn't tie two and two together but just as you headed inside Frank ushered you over to a couple who's backs were facing you so he could introduce you to them.

"Y/N, I want you to meet Dr. Daniel Sullivan."

Danny turned around along with the woman who was next to him and the two of you paused. You'd suddenly felt sick.

Danny or Dr. Sullivan, was the doctor.

You had cut him off from your life but you had yet to see him face to face.

You felt so strong up until looking in his soft, hazel eyes that were filled with hurt. That hurt wasn't genuine though. It was only out of pure manipulation that he was looking at you this way. But he simply put his hand out and you subconsciously shook it.

"We've actually met. It's good to see you again, Y/N."

You slowly nod and try to swallow the lump that's in your throat. Frank gestures over to the woman beside him.

"And I assume this lovely woman is your wife?"

Your head darts over to her and your gaze immediately goes not to her face but to her swollen belly.

"She is and as you can tell we're expecting."

"Little Daniel will be here in the next month or so."

“Amazing. Congratulations, man. Y/N- Y/N are you alright?”

You opened your mouth to speak but nothing came out. You felt like you were actually going to vomit. Your ears were ringing and you couldn't believe what was happening. After all this time and hearing all this bullshit about how he couldn't be with you yet and yet here he is with not only a wife but a child on the way. You shook your head and gave Frank a warm smile.

“I'm just not feeling so well, I'm so sorry, but do you think it would be alright if I headed home?”

How you were able to maintain composure at this point was mind boggling, but you were simply in shock.

“Of course, that's okay, let me grab my coat and we can-“

“No, no, please, this is an important event for you, I'll just call a cab.”

Frank pauses for just a moment to think.

“I mean only if you're sure.”

“I'm sure. I'll see you, Frank.”

You started to walk as fast as you could to the nearest exit. You felt like with every step your chest was getting tighter and tighter and it was getting impossible to breathe. And then you felt a hand gently wrap around your arm.

“Y/N.”

You shook his arm off of you and continued to walk but he simply followed right next to you.

“What do you want, Danny? What more could you possibly want from me?”

“Y/N, why haven't you been returning my calls?”

“I told you, we were done. There's nothing more for us to say.”

You grab your coat from off of the wall alongside the other guest's coats and look around for a house phone you could use. Danny grabs hold of you again and turns you to look at him.

"Y/N, I miss you."

You shake your head in disbelief.

"Danny, you're married! You have a baby on the way!"

"I'm well aware, Y/N, but if we can just talk, I think we can work something out."

You scoff and rip your arm away from him again before putting on your coat.

"I have nothing to say to you Danny except that we're done. This is over."

"Alright."

Danny's face simply blanks and he walks away like nothing happened. He played his hand and it didn't work but he couldn't care less. He didn't try and fight more. He didn't say he would get a divorce or that he made a mistake. He just wanted to have his cake and eat it too. And no one deserves to be treated like that.

But there was no way you could go home.

You needed to see Hopper. He's the only one who understands the situation and the only one who really understands you. But Tessa and him were also on a date and you had no idea when they would be back and you had no idea if you would be interrupting something once they did come back. But you just said 'fuck it' and started walking in that direction. You're heels were too tall and were killing your feet but you couldn't stop to take them off. You didn't even have the energy to cry.

Hopper left the bar alone with high chances of seeing Tessa again despite the fact that he couldn't stop thinking about you the entire time. He wondered if it would be too much to call you at this hour but as he pulled up to the trailer he could see you sitting on the steps

of the porch. His heart sank. He had no idea what happened but he could tell it was bad. He wanted nothing more than to just take you in his arms and hold you while you talked and cried it out. He was there for you and it killed him to see you this way.

“Hey there, Hop.”

“Howdy, stranger.”

But he didn't take you in his arms. He just walked past you and unlocked the door to the trailer and held it open for you to step in. You didn't say anything to each other. Hopper headed into the kitchen to grab you some water and you headed to his bedroom, sitting down on his bed once you got there. Hopper joined you and set the water down on the bedside table before kneeling in front of you and grabbing ahold of one of your legs to take your shoes off for you. He grabbed your biceps and guided you to stand up and he pushed your coat off of your shoulders and taking it with him to his closet. He put it on a hanger and hung it inside and pulled one of his flannels and pair of boxers from his drawers to give you on his way over. You were still standing in front of the bed and hadn't moved an inch. Hopper tosses the clothes on the bed before grabbing your biceps again to turn you around and unzip your dress for you. He was about to give you privacy to change but you simply just slipped out of the dress and put on the clothes right then and there, not caring what Hopper saw. You just really didn't want to be alone, not even for a second. Hopper understood, he didn't see anything anyways as he made his way around the bed to lay on the other side. He took your hand in his and pulled you against him. You laid your head on his chest and wrapped your arms around each other. After a few minutes of just listening to each other breathe, you finally spoke up.

“It's over. He didn't choose me.”

“What happened?”

“Danny. Danny Sullivan. He didn't choose me. He said he wanted me and that I just needed to wait but he got married. They're having a baby, too.”

“It's been Danny Sullivan this whole time?”

You nodded against him and your body started to tense up as you started to cry. Hopper simply squeezed you tighter, pressing kisses into your hair and shushing you quietly and gently. You moved your head off of him and onto the pillow laying on your side and facing him. Hopper adjusted accordingly and your faces were a mere few inches away from each other. Your eyes darted back and forth between the two of his as you tried to gain the courage to say what you were about to say.

“Are we in love with each other?”

Hopper simply nodded.

“You love me?”

“Yes.”

“Why?”

Hopper’s brows furrowed and he shook his head.

“There is no why. I love you for you. I love you for free, Y/N.”

“I love you for free, Jim.”

Hopper moved closer to you very slowly and rested his forehead on yours. Your eyes both flutter closed as he inched closer and closer until his lips were on yours. He brings a hand up to your cheek and his lips gently caress your bottom lip and he barely teases the tip of his tongue into your mouth. You both hummed in content as you wrapped your hands on the side and back of his neck to pull him closer to you. You both gave smaller but lengthy pecks on each other’s lips before pulling away and resting your foreheads against each other. Hopper pulled you into his chest and you wrapped your arms around him.

“What are we going to do about this, Hopper?”

You cried into his chest.

“There’s nothing to do, Y/N. You’re gonna go to Michigan and I’ll come visit and we can talk on the phone, maybe become pen pals

even?”

You let out a small, watery laugh.

“But what about-“

Hopper shushes you quietly.

“You don’t need to worry about that right now. Get some sleep.”

You nodded into him before shifting a bit to make yourself more comfortable and easing into a much needed sleep.

14. Ann Arbor

Those two weeks were simultaneously the longest and shortest weeks of your life. You and Hopper sent time together, but not as much as you usually would and definitely not as much as you would like. You never talked about that night and you never talked about your feelings. Hopper carried the last box from your place and loaded into your car and you turned to each other, waiting for the other to say something.

“Well, I guess this is it.”

You drop your head and laugh a little.

“You say that like I’m never going to see you again.”

“Maybe I won’t! You’ll be up in Michigan, reliving your college days and you’ll no doubt find some guy much prettier and much smarter than me and you’ll forget all about me.”

Hopper says playfully but it was actually his worst fear, that you’d actually forget him. You step closer to him and pinch his cheek and shake his head around.

“Nah, I could never forget you and you’re plenty pretty.”

He pushes your hand away and blows out a raspberry.

“And you might not know much, but you do know me and I’ll never find someone like you, Hop.”

Hopper grins and looks away from you.

“Quit that, you’re makin’ me blush.”

He grabs your arm and pulls you into him, giving you a tight squeeze. You turn your head and snuggle your face into his chest before giving him a squeeze and pulling away. You take his hand in yours and pull it up to your mouth to gently kiss the back of his hand.

“Thank you, Jim.”

“For what?”

“For teaching me how to love someone.”

“Anytime, Y/N”

Hopper flashes you a warm smile that drops into a slight frown as he pulls you in again, kissing the top of your head before pushing you away as he groans obnoxiously.

“Now get outta here before I try to convince you to stay.”

“Alright, alright, I’m goin’.”

You finally get into the driver’s seat and don’t dare look back at Hopper as you start the car and walk away. It honestly wouldn’t have taken much to convince you to stay, but seeing Jim’s face fall really would’ve done you in. To watch him pull his hand up to his lips to kiss the spot you just had, would’ve been more than enough. But you needed this, you and Hopper both knew it. You had spent so long believing that your self worth was only what Danny said it was. Which wasn’t much. He made you feel so inadequate, like you’d never accomplish anything great and the fact that you couldn’t meant that you weren’t good enough for him, but he was wrong. You were worth so much more and Hopper showed you that how Danny loved you was not love. That love isn’t supposed to hurt. But dammit, did the two of you hurt right now.

15. Abstinence

One month goes by. A whole 30 days without ever laying eyes on one another. That's not to say that you didn't hear from one another but there really wasn't much to talk about. Well, there was plenty the two of you could've been talking about but it was too hard. So you stuck to the basics, how you were, what you were up to, and so on. Best friends who told each other everything, best friends who were in love with each other were now reduced to small talk. Hopper continued to see Tessa in during that time but she had her doubts about you and Hopper. He will tell her otherwise over and over but she didn't believe him. But they were happy, so she left it be after a while. But everything about their relationship was the exact opposite of yours. Everything felt forced and the whole thing felt so superficial and surface level, let the only reason they were together is because there was no reason for them not to be. And Hopper was desperate to keep you happy and if you thought that he was just spending all his free time sitting alone in your diner and your bowling alley waiting for you to get back, putting all this pressure and blame on you when you were hurting just as bad. You're not even really sure why you chose to go back to school in Michigan. You were given a nice scholarship, sure, but you could've easily gone to a school close by with no trouble. It wouldn't be hard for you to transfer but now you were here and Hopper hadn't given you a reason to come back. At least, not yet.

"James."

Tessa snapped her fingers in front of his face to get his attention.

"Hmm? What?"

Tessa shook her head and let out a small frustrated groan.

"Hopper, if you didn't want to come out with me today, than you should've just said so."

He raises his brows and shakes his head to help bring himself back to reality.

“No, no, it’s not that it’s just- that couple over there, I’m- I’m pretty sure I recognize one of them from high school, do you mind if I just-“

Tessa falls back into her chair and waves him off before crossing her arms in front of her, turning her gaze to the art hanging on the wall of the restaurant. Hopper gives her a quick smile before getting up and practically stomping over to the table across the room. He hadn’t noticed how hard he was breathing and how tightly he was holding himself together until he stopped in front of the couple and attempted to greet them warmly. But warmly was definitely not how he felt towards this particular ex-classmate.

“Danny? Danny Sullivan? Is that you?”

Danny looked Hopper up and down, squinting his eyes as he tried to place Hopper’s face.

“Yeah, that’s me I- uh- I’m sorry, have we met?”

Hopper brought a hand up to his heart to act wounded.

“Way to break a guy’s heart, Sullivan. It’s me, Jim! Jim Hopper, we went to high scho- You know what, it doesn’t fuckin’ matter.”

Hopper abruptly grabs Danny by the collar of his shirt with both hands and drags him outside while his very pregnant wife starts to scream and yell gibberish as she followed far behind. As soon as they got to the door, Hopper pushed him outside and before Danny could even regain his balance, Hopper’s fist met his jaw and brought Danny the rest of the way to the ground. Danny’s wife finally made it outside, hysterically crying and yelling for help. Hopper bent over and pulled Danny’s head right up to Hopper’s mouth.

“That’s for what you did to Y/N, you son of a bitch.”

Hopper yells directly into his ear before dropping him back on the ground and giving him a kick to the middle for good measure.

“That’s for what you did to my Y/N, you god damn, slimy, son of a bitch!”

Hopper dusts himself off and turns towards to door where he hadn’t

noticed that Tessa had been standing there the entire time. Hopper's face drops and he reaches out to her when he sees her blank expression.

"Tessa, I'm-"

"Your Y/N? You told me you were over her."

"Tessa, I'm sorry, I-"

"No, you know what, I'm sorry. I should've known better, just go, Hopper. Just go."

Tessa turns on her heel into the restaurant and before Hopper could even think there's a grin on his face and he's laughing on his way to the blazer. He wasn't even really sure where he was going exactly but he knew how to get to Ann Arbor and he'd figure the rest out once he got there. All he knew was that he needed to get to you as soon as he could because he was done waiting. All that unspoken bullshit and all of those fears had just dissolved and there was nothing that was going to keep him from telling you how much he loved you.

Well, six or so hours kept him from doing so but he made it to Ann Arbor. It was well past dark and he had no idea where you even lived. So he parked on campus and shoved some change in his pocket and looked around for a phone booth to call you. He walked around for what seemed like hours but it couldn't have been longer than 20 minutes before he heard,

"Hop?"

Fall off of your lips. It was quiet but he heard it. He whipped around and scanned his surroundings for you but couldn't see you still.

"Y/N?"

"Hopper?"

Suddenly, you finally came into view. You were headed out of the library with books in your hands along with two other girls you had been studying with walking in the other direction. Hopper jogged his way up to you, putting his hands on your biceps and laughing again.

You scanned over his face while a confuse look was housed on your own. But you still couldn't help but giggle along with him.

"Hop- Hopper, what the hell are you doing here? Why didn't you tell me you were coming? And geez, Hopper, did you--"

"I love you!"

Hopper blurted out and interrupted you.

"Wait, what?"

"I- I love you, Y/N! I love you. God, I'm so in love with you, and I'm so sorry for not saying something sooner but fuck, I just- I'm a god damn idiot but I love you, I love--"

You stood up on your toes and brought Hopper's face down to yours by gripping a hand on his collar and crashing your lips onto his, still holding your books in your other arm. Hopper smiles against your lips and pushes your books out of your arm and they fall onto the sidewalk but you simply take advantage and grip his side instead and he brings his hands to the sides of your face to deepen the kiss. You scrunch your nose and pull away slightly and he laughs.

"What?"

"You smell funny."

"Well, I drove 10 fuckin' hours to come see you and tell you that I love you but I--"

"Wait, 10 hours? Either you're overexaggerating or you got lost as hell. And also, those books were expensive, you know."

"Are you seriously just going to ignore the fact that I've told you that I love you about a hundred times?"

You shake your head slightly before pecking his lips.

"I love you, too."

You let out a long sigh.

“Feels good, doesn’t it?”

You nod.

“It does.”

“I love you.”

“I love you.”

You both say at the same time and laugh at each other.

“Oh god, are we one of those couples now?”

“I mean we did just make out right here in the open.”

“You call that making out? Then Hopper, I’m about to rock your world.”

He smiles down at you before pushing a strand of hair behind your ear.

“Darlin’, you already have.”

EPILOGUE

“Joyce is going to kill us, Hopper, she’s waiting!”

“I know, I’m coming, I’m coming,”

Hopper closes his office door and you head towards the entrance of the station.

“Flo, I’ll be back in an hour or so, I’ll just be—”

“OH, Y/N, you look so beautiful! I knew sending him to that meeting was a good idea.”

You giggled as gave her a little twirl in you plain white cocktail dress you had picked up earlier that day. Hopper rolled his eyes and guided you out by the small of your back.

“Yeah, yeah, you’re a real fairy godmother.”

You gave her a wave before making your way out the double doors and walking the few blocks down to the Hawkins courthouse.

“Okay, so I booked us a flight to Michigan on Monday,”

“Great, I have a meeting with my advisor at 5:30. Rings?”

Hopper stops in his tracks and looks at you wide eyed.

“Oh shit!”

“Hop!-“

“No, I’m just kidding, Joyce has got them.”

You put your hand on your heart and sighed in relief.

“You asshole.”

He laughs at you and you hit him on the arm before you two continue on your way to get hitched.

“Wow.”

Hopper raises and brow and looks over to you.

“What?”

“I just realized- I can’t believe that we lost our virginity to each other andwaited until marriage.”

“Well, I mean it’s not like we haven’t done it.”

“Well, yeah but you know what I mean.”

Hopper grabs you by the wrist and pulls you to stop and stand in front of him.

“Yeah, I get what you mean.”

You look up and smile at each other, just barely leaning in before both saying,

“Yank.”

At the same time and then laughing at each other.

“We don’t have to-“

“Yeah, we don’t have to say that anymore.”

Hopper lets out a groan.

“Would it be okay if we just-“

“Yeah, let’s just fuck first, we can meet her there.”

“Okay, great.”

You both turn around to head back to the precinct to where Hopper’s car was parked. Hopper takes your hand in his and you giggle as the two of you pick up your pace.

“Make sure you call Flo and tell her you’ll be late.”

“I will.”

“Joyce will get it.”

He shakes his head and laughs.

“Yeah, she’ll get it. Oh shit, I forgot something!”

Hopper stops in his tracks and you turn towards him.

“What?”

Hopper pulls you closer and brings his head down to kiss you, just barely easing his fingers into your hair as to not ruin it.

“That.”

“God, I love you.”

“And I love you, Mrs. Hopper.”

“You haven’t made an honest woman of me yet, Mr. Hopper.”

“I think it’s alright seeing as were a few hours from it.”

“Oh a few hours, huh? You really think you’ll be that lucky?”

“Well, I plan on takin’ my time.”

“Sounds like I’m the lucky one, then.”

Hopper grips your hand tighter.

“Fuck, can you please walk faster if you’re gonna talk like that?”